Pensioners

In Chelsea the old root
for Empire, in miniature

 frames their ribbons
 take the thin sun back-

lighting the Queen's Own
drilling in fields a-
cross the rushing street.

And they must stare through dust
to trill a codger lust as

 Sergeant-Major jaws
 a trooper down, struts

       himself away to
 blur the diving light with

       brass, glittering,
         glittering.